BENTON, MONTANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1880.

Poetry.

A SILENT VOICE.

ceetly the evening bells ring out their call

Showly the deepening twilight shadows fair O'er the dreamy earth and sizy. The cricket chirps in solemn changeless tone Filling my heart with sadness as alone

veet are the voices that the twilight brings,

Dearer the sadness that to memory clings, For happy thoughts come too

In weariness I sigh,

fery in vain, in vain.

The painful word, farewell!

FIGHTING JOE.

BY ARTHUR WOOD.

"Who and what was he?"

opened a conversation.

n the spot where the unsightly engine

NO. 16.

J. A. HANOUSZ, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, B'erec'e' ERENTON, BE, 'E'., VOTARY PUBLIC AND JUSTICE OF THE

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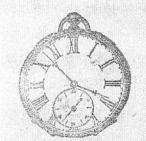
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Deer Lodge.

I suppose, would interest me, he had risen GEORGE W. BEAL, Proprietor, CORNER OF MAIN AND GRANITE STREETS BUTTE CITY, MONTANA. SCOTT HOUSE.

Montana er a man's grave," I said; and then added,

most popular member of his family.

"Who and what was he?" The man seated himself on a stone close ing, and the two little things attracted by the bright flowers, had found their way to the mound, and were about to gather

them away.

came from or who he was. When this here pit, Fenton's Pit we call it, was first work-Modurney House, ed we had but few hands hereabouts, and I did it, an' God bless thee, mate!' and men as could work had no call to wait then we heard again the roar of the flames, long for a job, and got a good wage as well. and we never saw Joe again." Most of the hands were Staffordshire, but The man sat quietly for a second or two, les? we never knowed where Joe came from, and, though his voice did not falter, he and I don't know as we asked, and p'raps added, in a softer tone :

there wasn't one like Fighting Joe."

quarrel, nor fight with another man, that have felt in wearing it for her sike. way, poor lad-more the other way." ing on his breast, and with many a sob, everywhere."

The rough fellow beside nie said this and many a flod bless thee poor lad!" we pearance to excite some degree of curiosi- they growed brighter on bis tomb than on, please, parson." ty, and I told him I should like to learn anywhere else."

more of the story. for," the man replied. "Here," he said, down his hard face. He was a little em- room." turning to the little ones who were stray- barrassed at my observing them, I think, ing toward the green mound again, "you for he said: musn't touch them posies, thou knows; go? "Don't you think worse of me, mate, besmall piece of coal he had in his hand to- man Joe saved."

Of golden dreams of youth too bright to last, Sweet visions of an unforgotten past, ward where some daisies and dandellons were growing among the rank grass. When love's dear song was next "He worked in Fenton's Pit along o' But when the darkness deepens into night me, an', though we never had angry words, And all my golden dreams have taken flight, My heart grows wild with pain. many an' many a day would pass and nei-The midnight only hears my bitter cry, No answering voice sends back a soft reply, ther him nor me would speak. He was experiences is sometimes varied by comic Love's pleading voice will come to me no more Save in sweet cohoes from the silent shore Where cherished memories dwell, Or in the breezes that around me blow Breathing accents sad, though soft and low, that, for mother was living then, and this in connection with things cierical. Selected Story.

she was already promised, and was going trickster delighted in teasing. twelve or fifteen years had altered the lit- ing behind him with his arm raised and along the streets."

-well-nigh obliterated by the weather- the fire." stains and the moss that time had suffered "What fire?" I asked. to find root-hold in the hollows of the let-

carrying a little child of two or three Fenton's Pit?" older, seated himself on a flat stone, and stranger here."

with the uncouth accent of the county. I er heard tell of that," readily accepted the invitation he offered. He took a small, blackened pipe from walking one day on the cliffs near Morwen- varely, if ever, be induced to enter a place and we chatted pleasantly. He had known the pocket of his vest, looking thoughtful- stow with the Rev. Mr. W., when a gust of of worship of any description. the place many years, he told me, aye, ly before him, and filling the bowl in the wind took off Mr. W.'s hat, and carried it There is a story of a village curate wine, long before it had grown into the town it mechanical manner of a person who, pre- over the cliff. Within a week or two, a after much personsion, and got an old wenow was, when it was nothing bor a hum- occupied by an all-engressing thought, is Methodist preacher at Truro was discours- man of this class at last to go to church on Corner of Main & Bridge Sts.

ble village, and when the long grass or going through some familiar action, for his ing on prayer, and in his sermon he said: Good Friday. On his way home ha overhouse and tall red chinney now stood, as it was, became saddened and almost blessings; but ask also for temporal favors, to her of the awrill overity in the formation. and where the heaps of slag and cinder tender in its expression under their influ- I will illustrate my meaning by relating an ated by the church. On taking leave, she

length I said: told me, denoted the last resting-place of you don't mind telling me." the late rector, and this broad, massive "Was you ever down a pit, mate?" he

piece of granite was the tomb of a certain asked. Jack," who, it seemed, was much given to should like to see one.

as such gentry not unfrequently are, the live!' "How do you mean?" I asked.

As my new acquaintance pointed out these objects and others which he thought ly through the churchyard. It was in a ing to my grave. What with the rising of friends, and walked into Bude as fast as I corner, and rather in a hollow, that, before the water, or the fall of the coal, or the could with a new hat on my head." with the pretty spring flowers, carefully such as us ain't worth much; but all these porter, or some such paper, under the planted in the form of a cross, we both, as put together ain't nothing to a pit on fire! heading of "Remarkable Answer to Pray- lent storms of the spring of 1833. I have of one accord, paused. It had not any When the coal is bursting with the heat, gravestone, but only a piece of wood sup- and the heavy masses of earth fall down, ported by two short uprights. On this crushing or laming them that can't get out off with Mr. W.'s new hat. There was no the altumn of that year we had the cholewere roughly-carved, as if done with a of the way—when the cry is, Every man reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and re. Now coffins, you know, are made of

for a moment on wife and children, and shouts," then they fall and die! "Well, that was the sort of fire I speak had set down the child he had been earrywas the last man in the lift, as they "Here, you musn't touch them flowers, thought; but just as they were beginning iful speaker. I have not much time to places for all the parish, it'll be a titles he said, and, taking a hand of each, led to move they heard a loud cry for help, and they saw that other one-him who "Well, mate," he then went on to say to had married Joe's sweetheart-making for me, in reply to my question, "I don't the lift, and begging them for God's sake rightly know who or what he was, He not to leave him behind. Well, I tell you, was a stranger down here, and neither me the lift was overfull then, but Joe sprang nor my mates ever heard tell where he from it, and, seizing hold of the other one,

again-drink, a quarrel, a fight, and a vi. but for where the pitman's jacket had sav- in, and resumed his seat. elent death: though I cannot understand, ed him, it might have been no more than Mr. Hawker frequently acted as posterior in that case, the evident care that is he, the earth it was lying on. But as we for his parishioners; and after service on

CLERICAL ANECDOTES. Some Amusing Rending. The usually grave character of clerical

quiet, as I said, and when he hadn't had passages, none the less amusing, perhaps, drink would keep hisself to hisself. There from being quite unpremeditated by those chimbley, too!" was a lass living in these parts then, and to whom they are due. Though few in Fighting Joe was right fond of her. I these days would have the bad taste to mastering a sense of what belitted her sex: don't know that he had said much to her, joke on things sacred, there can be no but we could see he was about as fond of harm in noting a few eccentricities and the maidens to be after him so. And, I that lass as a lad could well be, I know contretemps which are said to have occurred reckon, the Miss Kittles will be quality folk

lass would often be between her house and Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, A young, smart-looking Scotch clergyours. It seems that one Sunday, as it vicar of Morwenstow, many good stories man was preaching in a strange country might be this, Joe had met her, and told are told, in his Life by Mr. Baring-Gould, church. Fearing that his hair was not her how fond he had been of her, and ask- When young, he was a very tricky fellow, properly parted in the middle, or perhaps ed her to become his wife. She told moth- and kept most people around him in hot that he might have a smudge on his nose, er this that same night. Well, it seems water, At Stratton, where his father liv- he quietly and significantly said to the heashe said that Joe mustn't look for that, for ed, there was a grocer whom the young dle, there being no mirror in the vestry :

I was standing in the churchyard of a to be married that Whitsuntide. When "He would dive into the shop," says his small town on the borders of South staf- she told Joe that, he said ne'er a word, biographer, "catch hold of the end of the WM. H. HUNT, JR. fordshire one bright Sunday morning in but he grew very white in the face, and thread that curled out of the tin in which coat, which, to the astonishment of the April. I was a stranger in that part of turned quietly away. The next day he the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with clergyman, he produced in the form of a the country, and was passing through the had to work beside the very man who was which he fied up his parcels, and race with lemonade bottle, with a gill of whiskey in place in the course of a long walk from the promised to the lass as he loved. Well, it in his hand down the street, then up a it, saying: larger adjacent town, to which my busi- they had been at work some, when Joe's lane and down another, till he had ancoilness had taken me the day before. The mate, turning round to get hold of a short- ed it all, and laced Stratton in a cobweb of lister, for I got it as a great favor, and I

tle unpretending village materially; and the pick in his hand, as if in doubt wheth- After Mr. Hawker was appointed Vicar though the quaint old church and some er to strike or not, and with a look in his of Morwenstow, the untidy condition of the humbler orders in Scotland "a glass" long low buildings, suggestive of farms eyes as he had never been known to wear church affected one of his curates, a man is the expression for a dram of liquor. In and homesicads, still retained an air of before. The two men looked at one an- of a somewhat domineering character to the foregoing anecdate we are not told rustic simplicity, they were being gradual- other without speaking for a while, till such an extent that one day the latter whether the minister or John consumed ly obscured and the place itself sophistica- Joe said, 'God forgive me!' and turned swept up all the rubbish he could find in the gill. ted by the formal rows of plain and ugly away, and from that time they never work- the church; old decorations of the previous Dean Ramsay relates that one of the Attorney at Law, tenements, built expressly for the mining ed side by side again. I don't know how Christmas, decayed southernwood and rospopulation, which each year was becoming it was, but we used to think Joe kept away es of the foregoing mid-summer festivity, ill, one distressing symptom being a total on purpose-I mean, so as not to be in the scraps of old Bibles, prayer-books, and absence of sleep, without which, the med-I had amused myself by deciphering way to strike the other one. That would manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends, ical men said, he could not recover. His some of the inscriptions on the gravestones be a matter of three or four months before candle-ends, etc., and having filled a bar- son, who was somewhat simple, was playrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it ing on the carpet, and cried out; down to the vicarage door, rang the bell, "What fire?" the other repeated, in a and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar ingstone, for myther are sleeps when he's

tering-when a man, presumably a miner, tone of astonishment. "Why, Fenton's came into the porch. in the Sunday clothes peculiar to his class, Pit. Did you never hear tell of the fire in "This," said the curate, "is the rubbish One of the doctors thought the kint

I have found in your church." the pile by scating yourself on top, and I for sleep came on, and earl recovered. "Ah, you must be, I should think," the will see to the whole being shot speedily." In contrast to these persons who assisting

pitman's face, rough and strongly marked confine your support allow brethren, took her, and after expressing his pleasure marked the busy life of the toilers in the ence. He remained silent so long that at incident that happened to myself ten days inquired how long it was since that cruel ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a piece of business occurrent. The handsome marble monument, he "I should like to hear about that fire, if little insignificant place in North Cornwall, named Morwenstow, and about to ed the curate. proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Christian friends, that I had on my head at the local squire, popularly know as "Squire I told him no, but had often thought I time a shocking bad hat-that I somewhat

horseracing, cocking, and such kindred "Better stay where you are, mate," the town and watering-place so ill-adorned as let's hope it's not true!" SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN, sports, and who, being a sad, "ne'er-do-man answered. "Ah!" he added, after to my head? Then I lifted up a prayer well," a thoughtless, reckless fellow, but another pause, "it's strange how we min- for covering more suited to my head. At saw in the spacious firmanent on highthe blue, ethereal sky-a black spot. It standing with his clerk in his churchyard. "I've worked in the pit for more nor approached-it largened-it widened-it ruefully contemplating the fallen grandeur twenty year," he replied; "but I never go fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by of a stately elm which had lately ornamendown in the cago now-that is, since that a celebrated London maker! I cast my ted the picturesque burist-place of the from his seat, and we had strolled leisure-

a humble mound of green turf, and decked choke-damp that means death, the lives of The incident got into the Mathodist Re- by addressing the rector was:

"And," said the vicar, "the rascal made | then than was ever before known; and in pocket-knife, these two words: "Fighting for himself, and God above for us all!"— could not descend the precipice. He was elms; those trees, therefore, were doubtless

into the neighborhood to advocate the ended." by, and was silent for a few seconds. He day rushed for the lift that might carry the Gospel, met Mr. Hawker. a churchyard with an aged sexton, who "Look here," said the archdeacon; "I complained that it was so full now that his flames were roaring and rushing with the have to speak at Stratton to-night; and I work had ceased to be a pleasure. noise of a great wind. Well, highting Joe am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight "You see," said he, "it's all 'ed work

Archdeacon Wilberforce having come

him to reasonable limits?" Mr. Hawker said it was utterly impossible-he was irrepressible.

"But," he added, "leave him to me, feet of his family, where there's a odd hit and he will not trouble you.' At the meeting this Mr. Knight was on the platform waiting for his opportunity

"Ah! Knight," said Mr. Hawker in whisper, "the archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home you will lend yours for timing the speech-

With some besitation Mr. Knight did so handing him his gold repeater with bunch he wouldn't have told us if we had. He . "But the next day, when the fire had of seals attached. Presently Mr. Knight was quiet and lonely-like, and said but lift burned itself out, I was one of them that rose to speak. Now, the latter gentleman tle-that is, when he was all right; but went down into the pit. There was a was accustomed when addressing a public when he'd had a drop of drink, as maybe crowd of the miners' wives and children andience to dangle his bunch of seals and abused him for bringing a parcel of of a Saturday night when he had gotten standing at the pit mouth, and when we round and round in his left hand. Directhis wage, of all the hands I ever see to came up again we laid a body gently on ly he began his oration, his hand went inswear, spend his money, wrestle or fight, the ground, and the men took off their stinguisely to his fob in quest of his bunch. caps, and said ne'er a word, while the wor It was not there. He stammered and felt 'And hence his name, I suppose you I men evied, and many of them sobbed again, flournered in his speech, and after a Four good drubbing.' Fashionable Boot & Shoc asked. "And of course it is the old story aloud; it was blackened and burned, and few feeble efforts to recover himself, gave

"To think of that!" interrupted the old with a gentleness of tone and manner that I wered him to his rest. We planted them woman. "My Ezekiel must, be a handwas sufficiently out of keeping with his ap-little flowers, and it seemed to me as if some lad. But I am interrupting. Dogo

"Indeed, dear mother," continued the He paused again, and as I stole a look at vicar, reading, "I shut my door and win-"It's not much as such as you might care him, I saw two large tears rolling slowly dow of an evening to keep them out of my

"Dear life!" exclaimed the old woman,

what will the world come to next?" "And yet," continued the vicur, "they and get some of them," and he jerked a cause I'm giving way a bit, but I am the do not leave me alone. I believe they

come down the chimney to get at me." "Well, well now, parson," exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands, "to think how forward of them!" "Of whom?"

"Why, the Miss Kittles, sure. When I were young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And come down the

After a pause, the mother's pride over-But Ezekiel must be rare handsome for

"John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared, and, after a few minutes, returned with something under his

extensive mining operations of the last cr pick that was lying near, sees him stand- twine, tripping up people as they went wadna hae got it ave if I hadna said it was for von. It may be well to mention that among

"Send for that preaching man frac Liv-

years, and followed by another somewhat "No," I replied; "you knew 1 am a "Not all," said Mr. Hawker, "Complete "getting a minister to him" succeeded. worth attending to, and the experiment of

A civilly-spoken fellow enough, though man said, somewhat roughly, "if you nev- The Literary Churchman gives an amue- ously attend church, there is, unfortunateing aneedote of Mr. Hawker, who was ly, a much larger class of persons who can

"Nearly two thousand years ago," repli Alas for his hopes that he had made a serious impression upon the old lady.

"Two thousand years ago!" she exclaimblushed to think of entering that harbor- ed, with a brightening countenance. "Then Parish clerks, especially if they happen to be shoemakers, are generally of a philewithal good-natured and easy-going, was, ing people dis; but it's stranger how we that solemn moment I raised my eyes and sophical turn of mind. Here is an example related by an old rector, who was

> "rude forefathers of the hamlet." After gazing for some time on the wreck, the clerk at length broke the sorrowful silence "I dare say you remembe. sir, the vio-

"That is a strange inscription to put ov- when fainting and straggling, they think deaf enough, I promise you, to our blown slown sown on purpose to supply the extra number of coffins which Providence foresaw would be required before the year The present writer was once standing in

beard there were more clus blown down

who will be on the platform, and is a wear- now; and though I have parcelled out spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce to gem tem all snug. As for Johnson Blower, he's a long un; and to keep all square I shall 'ev to do what I never did afore; he'll go north and south scross the

> that 'ull just 'old 'im." Poor old man! though he spoke as if he were immortal, he has been dead for many years, and many of those for whom he plously planned have survived him.

Clergymen, like other mortals, occasionally flad out that they have chosen namecommodating helpmates. One of these ladies made a rather awkward tulstake. Her husband having brought a brother clergyman home to dine with him, went into auother apartment to speak to his spouse about the repast, when she attacked him idle fellows to eat up their income. The bushand, provoked at her behavior, said, in a preity loud tone:

"If it were not a stranger, I would give

"O," cried the visitor, who overheard the remark, "I beg you will make no stranger

stowed on the poor fellow's tomb-such as stooped tenderly to raise and earry the Sunday a distribution took place in the for money, says the Hone, and yet the body away, the jacket fell off, and there, porch, when he not only delivered, but sums spent in entertaining, and accumu-"No, sir," the man said, gravely, after a on that part where once a true heart beat, had also frequently to read the letters. On lating old china and pictures, grow larger moment's pause; "not quite all that. A was a lack of a weman, s hair. He had one occasion he was reading a letter to an larger. Lady Carington's collection violent death, yes; and such a death as I begged it of her, she said, so often, she had old woman of Welcombe, whose son was in of china pug-dogs fetched enormous prices. might pray God might ne'er happen to the not the heart to refuse him, and God only Brazil. Part of the letter tan as follows: A Dresden figure of a lady and two pages worst of us; but it wasn't drink, nor a knows, mate, what comfort poor Joe might "I cannot tell you, dear mother, how sold for \$1.050, a large pug \$620, while the muskittlds (mosquitos) terment me, the other prices ranged from \$8 to \$550. brought him to it. It was more the other "We buried him with that little curl ly- They never leave me alone, but pursue me A Dresden spaniel on a cushion brought the extraordinary price of \$1,625,

From 10to 12 a.m., 2 to 1 and 7 to 9 p.m